THE BLUE BIRD AND OTHER STORIES

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MADRAS

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THE TOOTH OF PROPHECY

[This is an Irish folk - tale. Such tales were told, when the world was young, by the people—simple, credulous, even like children. Just as these tales delighted a childlike people in days of old, they continue to delight the simple innocent minds of children in all ages, and at the same time try to put into these fresh minds such simple lessons as honesty, faith in God, loyalty and the like. Surely on these qualities is formed the character of a good man and true.]

I

This is the tale told of the great Irish hero, Finn, who had the Tooth of Prophecy. With the help of this Tooth he was able to look into the future and tell of events to come.

He was the son of Cumhal, Captain of the Feni, and was born after his father's death in a battle.

To tell of events to come, Finn put his thumb into his mouth and touch the tooth of knowledge with the thumb, and then the whole future lay before him like an open book.

Long before he was born, there was a story among the people of Ireland about a wonderful Salmon, the Salmon of Knowledge or Wisdom, in a deep pool in the River Boyne. According to the story, a man named Finn would catch this salmon and eat it and thus acquire the magic gift, by which he would be able to foretell the future.

This prophecy had been forgotten for a long time, until a poet, named Finn, heard of it. He resolved, though an old man, to catch the Salmon and eat it and thus acquire the wonderful gift of foretelling.

Leaving his books and poetry, he put up a tent near the pool and spent all his time in fishing.

A great many kinds of fish he was able to catch, but not the Salmon. He was, however, patient, never losing heart and always hoping to catch it the next time.

II

One day a boy came walking along the bank of the river. He looked thin and pale for lack of food and his clothes were poor and coarse.

When he saw the tent and the old poet sitting on a stool and fishing in the river, he

thought he would get work from the old man and food to eat.

"Good-day, master," said the boy, "I am trying to get work. Perhaps you would be glad to have me to clean your pots and pans."

"I do want one," said the poet.

The truth was that he had hardly had time to wash his dishes after his meals, as he had been busy with his fishing all the day; and there was really not much of order or neatness in the tent.

"What is your name, little boy?" he asked, and looked at the boy sharply.

"My name is Demna," replied the boy. He did not dare to tell him his real name of Finn, for he was afraid of his father's enemies, from whom he was fleeing for safety.

The old poet liked the boy for his noble face and his gentle speech. So he took the boy into his service, and asked him to make the fire and wash the pots and pans, while he was engaged in fishing.

Demna was glad and walked with a heart free from fear of his father's enemies. Even if they happened to pass that way, they would never expect the son of Cumhal to be

the servant of an old fisherman and would pay no attention to him at all.

III

He had just finished cleaning up the tent and was about to wash his hands and face. when he heard a loud shout.

He was startled and ran as fast as he could to his master, for he thought that some evil had fallen upon the latter.

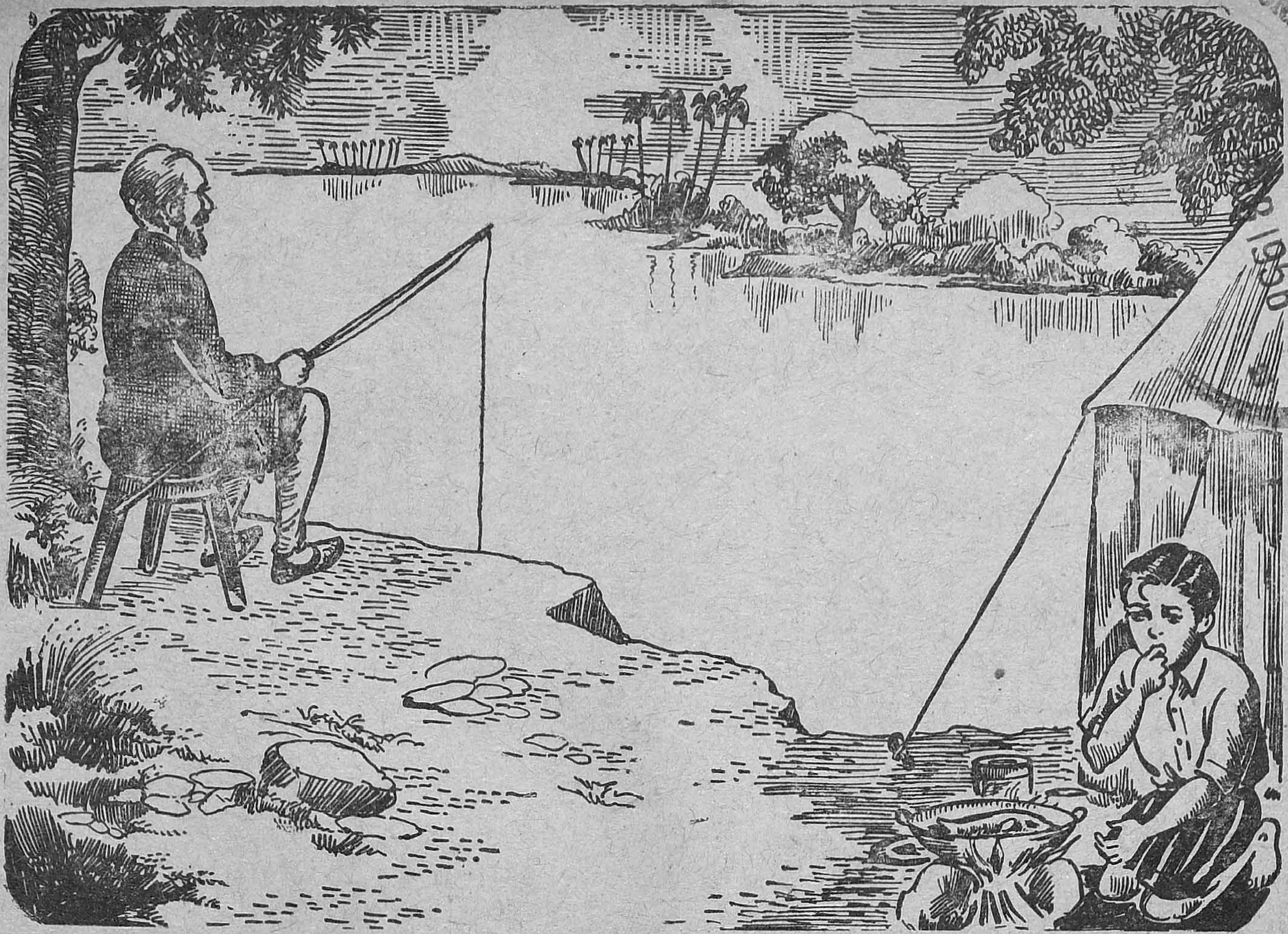
He found his master, on the other hand, in a state of great joy because the old man had at last hooked the Salmon of Knowledge and landed it safely, and was leaping and dancing with great joy.

But when he saw the boy he stopped and said that he had only been warming himself by jumping. He then took the Salmon, gave it to the boy and said,

"Take that and cook it for me. Do not taste it while cooking it, for if you do I will send you away at once."

Though surprised at the sharpness of his master's voice, he promised to do as he was ordered. Being an honest boy, he stuck to his promise, though he was hungry and the smell of the fish, while cooking, so delicious.

As he had no great experience in cooking, the water in the pot was not enough.



...... and drawing back his thumb....put into his mouth....(p. 5)

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So when he raised the lid to see if the fish was well cooked, he saw the skin of the fish risen on one side, forming a big blister.

"This is bad," said the boy to himself; "my master will scold me as a bad cook and he will be right."

So he put his thumb on the blister and pressed it along the whole blistered portion, intending to make it smooth.

But the skin was very hot and, drawing back his thumb with a cry, put it into his mouth to stop the pain.

As he did so, the thumb struck against one of his teeth. From that moment that tooth acquired the gift of prophecy. The thumb had some of the gravy of the fish and, though by mistake, he had tasted it first.

"I am not such a bad cook after all," cried he, enjoying the taste; "my master will be pleased with my cooking."

Then he put the cooked Salmon in a dish and, after spicing it, carried it to the old poet. The old man looked at him and said,

"Have you tasted it, boy?"

"No," said the boy, proudly. "I gave you my word not to taste it, and I kept it. But I scalded my thumb while I was cooking

it, and thrust my thumb into my mouth to cool it. Only thus I came to know of its delicious flavour."

The old poet fought for a moment against his keen disappointment. He had caught the fish, but quite innocently his serving boy had tasted it before him and won the gift of wisdom.

At last he recovered himself. Laying his hand gently on the boy's head, he said,

"Why did you tell me a lie, boy? Your name is not Demna, but must be Finn."

"How do you know it?" asked young Finn, surprised and a little afraid.

He felt the old man's kindness and told him his story.

The poet said:

"I knew your name must be Finn, for you had licked your thumb and tasted the Salmon first. Learning of the prophecy, I have sat and fished here all these days and weeks. But God has willed it otherwise and perhaps it is better so, as you are young and I am old. You are nobly born, and will perhaps use this gift better, and for the good of the people."

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THE STORY OF ORLANDO

[*This is from Shakespeare's* **As You Like It**, *one of the best known of his plays.*

Here only the story of the young man, Orlando, is given, and all other details of the play are omitted. Therefore Rosalind, the heroine of the story, comes into the story for the purpose of marrying the young man, who, she learns, is the son of her father's good and loyal friend.]

I

There was once a gentleman, called Sir Rowland de Bois, in France. He was a very good man and a friend of the ruler of the country. He had two sons, Oliver and Orlando.

When he died, Orlando was quite a boy, and just before his death, he asked Oliver, his eldest son, to take care of young Orlando.

But Oliver was not a good brother, and left the boy Orlando to himself. Orlando thus received no education at all.

But Orlando was by nature a good boy, and had the good qualities of his father. So he grew up a very fine young fellow. He was tall and handsome. As he had nothing to

do, he had a lot of practice in all those exercises which make a man strong. So, he became very strong of body.

A short time before this, the younger brother of the ruler — Duke he was called —had driven the latter from his throne. But he had kept his brother's daughter, Rosalind, in the palace as a companion to his own daughter, Celia. Frederick was the name of the new Duke.

Some time after Frederick had made himself ruler, he held a wrestling match. Charles was a famous wrestler. He was big and strong and had killed many men who had tried their strength with him.

As time passed Oliver disliked his younger brother more and more because people liked Orlando better than his elder brother.

He tried to do as much harm as possible to Orlando. So when he heard of the coming of the great wrestler, he made Orlando fight with Charles.

Even the wicked Frederick thought that the match between Charles and young Orlando was not fair. But Orlando would not listen to any advice. Both Rosalind and Celia

tried to keep him from the fight. Orlando refused their request also, saying,

"I am all alone in the world, because there is no one who loves me or cares for me. No one therefore will feel sad if I die."

The match began, and Orlando surprised everyone by throwing down the big wrestler, who lay like one dead for a short time.

Duke Frederick was very glad at Orlando's victory and he asked him,

"Who are you? Who is your father?"

Orlando answered, "I am Orlando, the son of Sir Rowland de Bois."

"Ah!" said Frederick, "he was my brother's great friend. I wish your father was some one else."

He then went away with a dark face.

Rosalind and Celia met him again and told him of their joy at his victory. Before going away, Rosalind, daughter of the old duke, took the gold chain from her neck and gave it to him as her gift.

Young Orlando saw Rosalind's kindness to him and began to love her from that time.

II

When Oliver heard of his brother's great victory over Charles, the hate he felt for Orlando became very great indeed.

"I'll set fire to his sleeping-room tonight," he cried, when he thought that no one was near him.

But Adam, an old servant of the family, had heard these words. Adam loved young Orlando, because he was exactly like his old master. So he went out of the house to meet Orlando, who was then returning from the palace.

When he saw the young man, he cried,

"Why are you so good? Why do people love you? News of your success had come home faster than you."

Orlando did not understand Adam's words and he said so to the old man.

Then Adam said:

"Your brother has heard of your victory, and he wishes to set fire to the room in which you sleep tonight. So do not enter the house. We shall go away together to some distant place. I will give you all the money I have."

"O good old man," said Orlando, "we shall do so. In a short time I shall get some work, which will give me money enough to keep us from hunger."

So they set out at once, and, after a long journey, came to the forest of Arden. The

old ruler with a few of his friends had already made this his home.

The old man was both hungry, thirsty and weak after the long journey. He said to Orlando,

"I am not able to walk even one step more. Leave me; I shall die here."

After saying these words, he lay down on the ground. But Orlando took him in his arms, put him in the shade of a large tree, and said,

"Good man, do not talk of dying. Lie here and I shall go and get you some food soon."

Orlando then went here and there in the forest to get some food. At last, he came to the place where the old duke and his friends were just then about to eat their dinner.

He drew his sword, stood in front of them and said,

"Do not eat before you give me some food."

The old duke was really a man with a kind heart. He thought that hunger had made the young man so rude. So he asked Orlando to sit and eat with them.

"I beg your pardon, kind man," said Orlando, "I thought you were all wild men. There is an old man dying of hunger and I must feed him before I eat. I have left him in another place."

Then the old duke asked him to bring the old man quickly.

So Orlando ran, and quickly brought old Adam in his arms. He ate and drank and was soon as well and strong as ever before.

The old duke learnt that Orlando was the son of his friend, the good Sir Rowland, and he asked the youth and old Adam to remain with him.

III

Orlando lived here in peace; and he spent all his time in thinking of Rosalind and cutting her name on the trunks of trees.

He did not know that she was in the same forest with her cousin. But she was in man's clothes, calling herself Ganymede, and passed for a shepherd lad, while her cousin passed as a country lass and Ganymede's sister.

Orlando, therefore, met them one day. Rosalind had also fallen in love with Orlando and saw with surprise the young man she loved.

As he came near the man the snake moved away....(p. 13)

Soon Orlando and Rosalind began to talk.

"Some young man," said she, "spoils all the young trees here by cutting the name of Rosalind on their trunks. If I meet him, I shall cure him of this bad habit."

"I am he," said he. "Tell me how you will cure me of this habit."

"Well," Ganymede said, "think I am Rosalind and make love to me. I will soon make you ashamed with yourself and you will leave it off."

He thought that it would be good fun and agreed to do so.

This went on for some time.

One day, on his way to Ganymede's cottage, he saw a man sleeping with a snake round his neck. As he came near the man, the snake moved away into some bushes close by. As he came nearer, he saw a lioness ready to leap upon the sleeping man.

Just then he found that the sleeping man was his own wicked brother. But brotherly affection soon made him fight with the lioness, which he killed in the end.

During the fight, Oliver awoke and saw his brother fighting with the lioness. He felt

both shame and sorrow at Orlando's noble deed. Oliver became now a new man. The brothers soon became true brothers ; and Oliver loved Orlando as a brother should.

The lioness, before she died, had hurt Orlando in the arm. So he asked Oliver to go to Ganymede and tell him why Orlando was not able to meet him as usual.

Oliver went to Ganymede and told him of Orlando's wound. On hearing this he fell into a swoon. He soon recovered from the swoon and said to Oliver,

"Tell Orlando how well I acted like Rosalind."

But Oliver knew the swoon was real.

Meanwhile, Ganymede's sister had fallen in love with Oliver, and Oliver had also fallen in love with her.

Oliver at last returned to his brother and told him of his sudden love for Ganymede's sister.

"I will marry her and live with her in the forest," Oliver said. "You, my brother, will have my house and my other property."

Just then Orlando saw Ganymede coming towards him and he said to Oliver,

"Go to the girl you love, and fix tomorrow for the wedding. She will be alone now, because I see Ganymede coming."

Ganymede asked Orlando about his wound and soon he told her of his brother's sudden love for Ganymede's sister. He then said,

"I have asked him to fix tomorrow for their marriage. How I wish that I marry my Rosalind on the same day!"

"Is it truly so?" said Ganymede. "If it is so, you will be able to marry her as you desire. I will make her appear then. Be in your best clothes tomorrow."

Orlando would not believe it easily. Still he decided to do as Ganymede desired.

The day and the time came: but no Rosalind! Soon Ganymede came there and asked the old duke,

"Are you willing to give your daughter in marriage to Orlando?"

"I shall gladly do so," said he.

Then he and his sister went out and entered again in their own clothes as Rosalind and Celia. The two marriages took place at the same time, and all were happy.

Just then a man came from Frederick and said to the old duke,

"Frederick has become a hermit and you have your dukedom again. Return to your country and be happy."

The happiness of the old ruler and his friends was thus complete, and they all returned to their homes and lived in peace and joy for the rest of their lives.

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THE GORGON'S HEAD

[This is an ancient Greek tale. This and many other wonder tales of the ancient Greeks were retold for our children by one of the greatest story - tellers Nathaniel Hawthorne. Read his **Wonder Book** *and* **Tanglewood Tales.**

Every country has its own stock of such wonder tales—tales told by people who lived when the world was very young. Recall our own tales of Rakshasas (Demons) and Devas (Gods).]

Perseus was the grandson of a king. When he was a very little boy, some wicked people put his mother and himself into a chest and set them afloat upon the sea. It was driven far away from the shore. Though the waves tossed it up and down, it floated on, until it reached an island. Here it was caught up in the nets of a fisherman, who drew them out safely to land.

The king of the island was Polydectes, who was the fisherman's brother. The fisherman was a very kind and honest man, but his brother, Polydectes, was quite the opposite of his fisherman brother: he was extremely wicked..

The fisherman treated the mother and her child very kindly. The king had seen them shortly after their coming to the island.

Perseus had grown to be a handsome youth, strong and active, and skilful in the use of arms. Polydectes resolved to send Perseus on a dangerous adventure, in which he might be killed, because the king had evil thoughts against Perseus' mother.

So the king sent for young Perseus and said to him,

"Perseus, you are now a fine young fellow. You and your mother have received much kindness from my brother and myself. I suppose you would be glad to do something for me."

Perseus answered that he would risk his life in being useful for the king.

"Well, then," said the king, with a smile on his lips, "I have to propose a little adventure to you. As you are strong and brave, you will welcome this chance of distinguishing yourself. I think of marrying the beautiful Princess Hippodamia. It is the custom, on such an occasion, to make a suitable gift to the bride. The gift, of course, should be something rare. I have thought long about it and have decided, only this morning, what it should be."

"Can I help you in obtaining it?" asked Perseus eagerly.

"Yes, you can," replied the king. "The bridal gift that I have resolved to get for her is the head of the Gorgon Medusa. I rely on you, if you are as brave as I think you to be, to bring it to me. The sooner you do this the better, for I am anxious to hasten my marriage with the princess."

"I will set out tomorrow morning," answered Perseus.

"Do so, brave youth," said the king, "and bring it in the very best condition to satisfy the nice taste of the princess."

Soon after the youth left the king's presence, the latter burst out laughing, because the simple youth had fallen into the king's trap so easily. The news had spread abroad and all the people felt glad because they were as bad as their king. The only good man in the island was the fisherman who had taken care of Perseus and his mother all these years.

So, as Perseus walked along, the people cried in mockery, "Medusa's snakes will sting him soundly!"

There were three Gorgons at that period, and were the strangest monsters the world ever saw or will see in the future. They were

three sisters, with the smallest resemblance to women, and were really a frightful and mischievous kind of dragon.

Instead of locks of hair, they had each of them a hundred huge snakes growing on their heads—all twisting, wriggling and thrusting out their tongues at the end! Their teeth were very long tusks; their hands were made of brass; scales as hard as iron covered their bodies. They had wonderful wings too, for every feather was pure, shining gold, and when they were flying about in the sunshine, these wings shone dazzlingly bright.

But when people happened to catch a glimpse of their brightness, high in the air, they ran and hid themselves as quickly as they could. This was due, not because of their fear that the Gorgons would harm them with their snakes or claws, but because, if anyone happened to look at the face of one of these Gorgons, he would be changed at once into a lifeless stone!

Thus, the task the young man had undertaken was extremely dangerous, and he knew it too. Not only must he fight with, and kill the snaky-haired monster, but he must do so with his eyes shut or at least without a glance at the monster he was to fight with.

So uncomfortable did he feel about his adventure, he did not tell his mother about it. He simply took his shield, fastened his sword to his belt and crossed over to the mainland, and there he sat down in a lonely place in the saddest mood possible.

Just then he heard a voice close beside him.

"Perseus," said the voice, "why are you so sad?"

Ashamed to be seen in such a position, he raised his head from his hands, in which he had hidden it, and saw a stranger to his geat surprise, though there had been no one a moment before.

He was a brisk, intelligent young man, with a cloak over his shoulders, a queer cap on his head, a twisted staff in his hand, and a short and crooked sword by his side. But he had such a cheerful, knowing and helpful look that Perseus felt his spirits grow lively as he gazed at him.

Wiping his eyes, which were filled with some tears, he answered the stranger, with as brave a look as he could.

"I am not so very sad," said Perseus, "as thoughtful about a task I have promised to carry out."

"Oh, that is all right," said the stranger. "Tell me all about it and possibly I may be of use to you. I have helped a good many young men through difficult adventures. My name is Quicksilver and you may have heard of me."

The stranger's words and manner made Perseus tell Quicksilver all about his task — how King Polydectes wanted the head of Medusa as a bridal present to the Princess Hippodamia and how he had undertaken to get it for him, but was afraid of being turned into stone.

"That would be a great pity, indeed!" said Quicksilver, mischievously. "But one would rather be a young man for a few years than a stone image for many."

"Oh," cried Perseus, "what would my dear mother do, if her beloved son were turned into stone?"

"Well, well, let us hope that it will not be so bad," replied Quicksilver, encouragingly. "I am the very person to help you. My sister and myself will do our utmost to bring you safe through this adventure."

"Your sister?" asked Perseus, in surprise.

"Yes, my sister," said Quicksilver. "She is very wise, I tell you. As for myself, I shall

use my intelligence, such as it is. If you are bold and cautious, and follow our advice, you need not fear being turned into stone. But, first of all, polish your shield, till you can see your face in it as clearly as in a mirror."

This struck Perseus as somewhat strange. But he did as desired, and in a short time the shield was as bright as a mirror. Then Quicksilver took off his short and crooked sword and fastened it to the belt of Perseus.

"The blade of my sword," said Quicksilver, "will cut through iron and brass as easily as through the slender twig. We will now set out. The next thing is to find the Three Grey Women who will tell us where to find the Nymphs."

"The Three Grey Women!" cried Perseus; "pray, who are these? I never heard of them before."

"They are three very strange old ladies," said the other, laughing. "They have but one eye among them and only one tooth. We must find them out by starlight or in the dusk of the evening, as they never show themselves by the light of the sun or the moon."

"But," said Perseus, "would it not be better to set out at once in search of the terrible Gorgons?"

"No, no," answered his friend. "There are other things to be done before you can find your way to the Gorgons. When we meet with the old ladies, you may be sure the Gorgons are not far off. Let us be moving now."

They set out and walked at a pretty brisk pace, so brisk that Perseus found it rather difficult to keep up with the nimble Quicksilver. The twisted staff of the latter seemed to make him go so fast that Perseus, though he walked fast enough, began to be out of breath.

"Here," said his friend, at last, "take this staff, for it will help you to keep pace with me. Are there no better walkers than yourself in the island?"

"I could walk pretty well," replied Perseus, looking at his friend's winged shoes, "if I had only a pair of winged shoes."

"Well, we must see about getting you a pair," said his friend.

The staff helped Perseus along and he no longer felt the slightest weariness.

Now they walked on with ease. Quicksilver told his companion many pleasant stories about his adventures and Perseus began to think him a wonderful person.

He then happened to remember the sister Quicksilver had spoken of, and asked,

"Shall we not meet your sister soon?"

"All at the proper time," said his friend. "But my sister, you must know, is quite different from me. She is very grave and wise, never laughs, and speaks only when she has something wise to say.

"But she has all the arts and sciences at her fingers' ends. You would scarcely find her so pleasant a travelling companion as myself. But you will find the benefit of her wisdom in your fight with the Gorgons."

It had grown dusk by this time and they had come to a wild and desert place, covered with bushes. Perseus felt rather depressed and asked his companion whether they had a great deal further to go.

"Hush, hush!" said Quicksilver. "This is just the time and place to meet the Three Grey Women. Be careful that they do not see you before you saw them. The single eye is as sharp-sighted as half a dozen common eyes."

"But what must I do," asked Perseus, "when I meet them?"

He told Perseus how they managed with their one eye. Each wore it for a certain

time and had the chance of looking at the world, the eye changing from one old woman to the other at intervals. Thus only one of the women could see at a time, while the other two were in darkness. At the moment when the eye was passing from hand to hand all of them would be in darkness.

Perseus thought this so strange that he thought that his companion was making fun of him and there were no such old women in the world.

"Hush, hush!" said Quicksilver. "There they come!"

Sure enough, Perseus saw, at some distance from him, the Three Grey Women. He could not see them distinctly, but he saw they had long grey hair. As they came nearer, he saw that two of them had each the empty socket of an eye, in the middle of their foreheads. In the middle of the third sister's forehead there was a large, bright and piercing eye, sparkling like a great diamond.

She, who had the eye for the time, led the other two by the hands, peeping sharply about her. Meanwhile Perseus and his companion had hid themselves behind some thick bushes.

The names of the sisters were funny—

Scarecrow, Nightmare and Shakejoint; but they described the old women well.

They had some hard words as to who should have the eye, and Scarecrow, who had it, took it out of the socket and held it in her hand for one of the other two to take it from her hand. The other two stretched out their hands, but being blind they could not easily get at the hand of their sister.

Quicksilver enjoyed the fun, all finding fault with one another. He asked Perseus to get possession of the eye from the hand which had it. He did so in a moment, and the old women began to quarrel again.

Perseus wished to put an end to their quarrel and said,

"Good ladies, do not quarrel, for I hold it in my own hand."

"Who are you?" cried all the three at the same time. "Give us our eye—our one precious eye. You have two of your own!"

Here Quicksilver whispered to Perseus to tell them that they would have their eye back if they would tell him where to find the Nymphs, who had the magic wallet, the flying

shoes, and the helmet of darkness. And Perseus told them so.

They denied all knowledge of the Nymphs and seemed to say this in such a sincere tone that Perseus was about to return the eye to them, when Quicksilver said,

"Don't let them make a fool of you. They are the only persons who can tell you where to find the Nymphs. Unless you get that information you will never succeed in cutting off the head of Medusa. Keep the eye and all will go well."

Quicksilver was in the right. Seeing that they could not get back their eye without telling him where the Nymphs were, they at last told him what he wanted to know. Perseus then approached them, thanked them and put the eye into the empty socket of one of the old women. She happened to be the woman who had already had it, and they began to quarrel again.

Meanwhile, Perseus and his friend were walking as fast as possible in search of the Nymphs. They were wholly different from the old women. They were young and beautiful and looked very kindly at Perseus. They also seemed to know Quicksilver, and when

he told them why they came, they gave Perseus what he wanted. The magic wallet was a small purse of deer-skin. The pair of shoes or sandals had a pair of wings at each heel.

Perseus put one of the shoes on, as his friend desired, laying the other on the ground by his side. This spread its wings and suddenly flew up, and would have flown away if Quicksilver had not caught it in the air in time.

Perseus felt very light-heeled, and when he made a step or two, he went up into the air, high above the heads of his friend and the Nymphs. It was with some difficulty he came down again.

Then the good Nymphs gave him the helmet, with its tuft of waving feathers. As soon as he put it on his head, no Perseus was to be seen at all! Even the helmet had disappeared.

"Where are you, Perseus?" asked Quicksilver.

"Why, just here, by your side," said Perseus.

"If I cannot see you," said Quicksilver, "neither can the Gorgons. Come, we will try our skill in using the winged shoes."

Quicksilver rose lightly into the air, and Perseus followed. Perseus felt it delightful to fly in the air like a bird.

It was now deep night and there was the full bright moon shedding its soft silvery light over all things below.

As they flew onward, Perseus thought he heard the rustle of a garment close by his side.

"Whose garment is this," asked Perseus, "that keeps rustling close beside me ?"

"It is my sister's," replied Quicksilver. "We could do nothing without her help. She will be the first to discover the Gorgons, such sharp eyes she has."

They were soon flying over the great ocean. As he looked down at the tossing waves of the long white beaches, he heard a voice in the air close by him,—a woman's voice, it seemed.

" Perseus," it said, " there are the Gorgons."

"Where ?" cried he. "I cannot see them."

"On the shore of that island right beneath you," replied the voice.

Two or three thousand feet below him, he saw a small island, with the waves dashing

against its rocky shore all around, except on one side. There was a beach of white sand on this side.

He descended towards this sandy beach and saw a great brightness at the foot of some steep black rocks. There lay the frightful Gorgons, fast asleep. The moon shone on their golden wings. The snakes that served them for hair seemed likewise to be asleep.

Luckily for him, their faces were completely hidden from him by the position in which they lay. Otherwise, had he but looked one moment at them, he would have fallen heavily from the air—an image of lifeless stone.

"Now," whispered Quicksilver, "now is your time to finish your work. Be quick!"

"All these have snaky locks," said Perseus, descending a little lower. "Which of the three is Medusa?"

The head of only one of the three—that of Medusa—should be cut off.

"Be cautious," said the voice that had spoken to him before. "One of the Gorgons is stirring and is just about to turn over. That is Medusa. Do not look at her, but at the reflection of her face and figure in the bright mirror of your shield."

Only now Perseus understood the reason for polishing his shield. He saw in the shield the reflection of the Gorgon's face, and oh, how terrible it was! She was still asleep.

"Now, make a dash at the monster!" whispered Quicksilver.

"Be calm," said the grave voice by his side. "Look in your shield, as you fly downward and take care you do not miss your first stroke."

He flew cautiously downward, with his eyes on Medusa's face, as reflected in the shield. The nearer he came, the more terrible she looked. When he came near her within arm's length, he raised his sword and, in one clean swift stroke, cut off her head, which tumbled from her body.

"Well done!" cried Quicksilver. "Make haste and put the head into your magic wallet."

The small purse, which hung by his neck, now grew large enough to contain Medusa's head. Perseus snatched the head with the snakes and put it in the wallet.

"Now fly," said the same voice, "for these other Gorgons will do their utmost to slay their sister's enemy."

Indeed the other two had been awakened by the clash of his sword, the hissing of the snakes and the sound made by the fall of Medusa's head on the ground. For an instant they sat rubbing their eyes, and then they saw the headless body of their sister. They at once set up terrible cries.

Up rose the Gorgons, looking carefully about, but they could not see Perseus because of his magic helmet. He had also taken care to turn his eyes away from them, that he might not be changed into stone.

He also made good use of his winged shoes by rising very high. From that great height, he turned his course direct to the island of King Polydectes.

On his way home, he met with many adventures, and at last reached his own island.

During his absence, the king had treated his mother very ill, and she had been forced to take refuge in a temple where some priests had been very kind to her.

Not finding his mother at home, he went straight to the palace and was at once taken to the presence of the king. Of course, Polydectes was by no means glad to see him, for

he had hoped that Perseus would be torn to pieces by the Gorgons.

Still he had to put a good face on Perseus' safe return, and said to the young man:

"Have you kept your word? Have you brought me the head of Medusa with the snaky locks? If not, young man, it will cost you dear."

"Yes, your majesty," said Perseus, quietly, as if it were quite an ordinary deed for him to do, "I have brought it."

"Indeed! let me see it," said the king. "It must be a very wonderful object if what I have heard about it is true."

"Your majesty is in the right," answered Perseus. "I would suggest that a holiday be proclaimed and that all your subjects be called to see this wonderful curiosity. They may perhaps never see such a wonder again!"

The king knew that his subjects loved sight—seeing and therefore took the young man's advice. He sent his men in all directions asking them to be present at the palace on the appointed day.

Soon almost all the people were gathered together, and Perseus stood on a balcony, holding the wallet in his hand.

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He held it up suddenly before them....(p. 35)

The wicked king, with all his evil advisers and courtiers, sat within full view of Perseus, and all, king, advisers and subjects, gazed eagerly at Perseus.

"Show us the head!" shouted the people, impatiently.

A feeling of pity and sadness came over young Perseus, who said,

"O king, I am very unwilling to show you the Gorgon's head."

"Ah, the knave and coward!" cried the people in anger. "He is making fun of us. Show us the head, if you have it, or we will have yours!"

The king now ordered him to show the head, as otherwise he would lose his own.

"Behold it, then!" cried Perseus, in a clear, loud voice.

He held it up suddenly before them, and in a moment they were all turned into images of stone, fixed for ever in the look with which they saw the fatal head.

Then Perseus put the head into his wallet, went to his mother and told her that she need no longer fear the wicked king of the island.

THE BLUE BIRD

[*This is a fairy tale written by a French lady,* **Countess d'Aulnoy.** *She was in the diplomatic service of her government. She wrote much on a variety of subjects, but she is remembered only by her* **Fairy Tales,** *translated into English in 1892.*]

I

There was once a king who was very rich both in lands and money. His wife died and he grew very sad.

All his subjects tried to comfort him, some by speeches and others by pleasant talk. But he scarcely heard what they said to him.

At last a woman came before him, weeping so loudly that he was surprised. She said she had lost the best of husbands and had made up her mind to weep as long as she had eyes to shed tears.

The King listened to her more than to the others. He talked to her of his dead wife and she, of her late husband. They talked so much of their sorrow that, after a while, they did not know what more to say.

Soon he spoke less and less of his wife, and atlast stopped speaking of her completely.

To the surprise of everybody, not long after the king married the clever widow.

The king had an only daughter, who was thought the most beautiful girl in the world. She was called Florine, and was fifteen when her father married the widow.

The new queen sent for her own daughter, who had been brought up by her godmother, the Fairy Souci. Souci had tried to make her pretty, but in vain. Her name was Truton.

The queen, her mother, loved her dearly. As Florine looked even more beautiful by the side of her daughter, the queen tried to do whatever harm she could to the princess. The king said to the queen one day,

"Florine and Truton are of an age to be married. The first prince who visits the court shall marry one of them."

"I wish," said the queen, "my daughter to be married first, for she is older than yours and a thousand times more kind-hearted."

The king disliked arguing, and he left her to do as she pleased.

Some time after this, news came that Prince Charming was going to visit the king in a short time. The prince was well known for his bravery and wealth.

When the queen heard this, she gave orders for new dresses for Truton and asked the king to give nothing new to Florine.

She then bribed Florine's waiting-women to steal all the princess's clothes and jewels on the very day of the prince's visit. So she had nothing to wear except the gown she wore. She felt so ashamed to appear before the prince that she hid herself in a corner of the hall when Prince Charming came.

The queen welcomed him with great courtesy and introduced her daughter to him. Turning his eyes from Truton as soon as possible, he asked the queen if there was not a princess named Florine.

"Yes," said Truton, pointing to her, "there she is, hiding herself, because she has only a dirty gown."

Florine blushed and looked so beautiful that the prince rose and bowed low to the princess.

"Lady," he said, "your beauty does not need the help of clothes."

Then he went to her and for three full hours he talked with her.

The queen was much displeased, and Truton wondered that the prince should prefer the princess who was not at all finely dressed.

They went to the king and made him agree that Florine should be shut up in a tower during the prince's visit. So some men, wearing masks, came to Florine's room, seized her and shut her up in a room at the top of the tower.

The prince waited impatiently for the hour when he hoped to meet Florine again. He talked of her to those whom the king had given him to do him honour, but they all spoke ill of her, as ordered by the queen.

The queen learnt from the gentlemen attending the prince that he had fallen in love with Florine.

But the poor princess felt wretched after seeing the prince.

"O how I wish," she cried, "I had been put in prison before I saw the good prince!"

Then she wept, and in this sad manner the night passed away.

The prince visited the king and queen very often in the hope of meeting Florine in her father's room. His eyes looked for her everywhere. The queen knew what was in his mind, but she pretended not to see it. At last he asked her plainly where Florine was.

"Sir," she replied stiffly, "the king, her father, has ordered her not to leave her rooms until my daughter is married."

"And what reason," inquired Prince Charming, "can there be for making a prisoner of the princess ?"

"I do not know," answered she, "and if I did, there is no need for me to answer your questions."

The prince grew very angry. He threw an angry look on Truton and left the room immediately.

On returning to his rooms, he asked a young prince who had come with him to win over one of the princess's attendants, so that he might speak to Florine for one moment.

The prince soon found one of the ladies. She promised that Florine should be that evening at a lower window, which looked upon the garden. From there she could talk with the prince, without anyone knowing about it if only the prince was careful.

The prince ran to tell his friend, Prince Charming.

But the attendant, who was false, went and told the queen about the secret meeting.

The queen decided to place Truton at the little window instead of Florine.

The night was very dark and it was not possible for Prince Charming to discover the trick played upon him. So when he drew near the window, he spoke all the tender words he would have said to Florine.

The prince told her that he would be delighted to marry her and make her his queen. He then drew his ring from his finger and, putting it on one of Truton's, asked her to fix the hour of their flight.

The queen was happy as her plans were working well.

Prince Charming prepared to carry off his beloved in a flying chariot, drawn by winged frogs. This was a present to him from a friend, who was a magician. The night was very dark. Truton came out by a little door and the prince led her into the chariot.

He was anxious to marry her at once, so he asked her where they should be married.

"I have a godmother, named Souci," answered Truton. "She is a famous fairy. I think we shall go to her castle."

Truton saw her godmother alone. She told her how she had tricked the prince, and begged the fairy to win him for her.

"Ah, my child," answered the fairy, "it will be no easy task. He loves Florine only too well."

From the place where he was, he saw Souci and Truton talking together. He could not believe his eyes. He knew now he had been deceived.

Souci entered the room and said, "Prince Charming, Truton is my god-daughter and I wish you to marry her at once. You have promised to marry her."

"I have made no promise to her!" cried the prince.

"To whom did you give this ring, then, faithless prince?" said Truton, showing him his ring.

"Have I been cheated?" cried he. "I would have nothing to do with you!"

"Oh, it is not in your power to go away," said Souci in anger.

She touched him, and his feet were fixed to the spot and he was unable to move them.

"I will marry no one but Florine," he cried, "you may do what you please with me."

The fairy and her god-daughter tried their best to persuade him to marry the latter, but in vain. The prince kept silent and looked on them with scorn.

Three weeks they spent — day and night, without sleeping or sitting down — but could do nothing. The fairy grew very tired and angry. She therefore said to him,

"Choose one of these: marry Truton or suffer punishment for seven years for breaking your promise."

"Do what you will with me," said he. "I will never marry that wretch."

"You are a wretch yourself," said Truton, in great anger.

"No, she shall not be your wife," said the godmother angrily. "You shall be a Blue Bird for the next seven years."

No sooner had she said these words, than he immediately turned into a bird with blue feathers. Then he flew out of the window with a cry.

II

Truton returned to her mother who, when she learnt all that had happened, blamed the unfortunate Florine.

She dressed her daughter in richest clothes, took her to Florine in her tower and said,

"My daughter has come to show you the wedding presents. She and the prince are married. The prince loves her to madness."

After showing her a lot of costly dresses, jewels and other things, Truton showed her the prince's ring.

The beautiful Florine fainted with sorrow and the queen was pleased. She asked no one there to help her and then asked the king not to let the princess leave her tower. The king told her to do as she pleased.

Florine sat at the open window at night and did nothing but weep. At daybreak she shut the window, but the next night again she opened the window, shutting herself in her room by day.

Meanwhile, Prince Charming, or the Blue Bird which he now was, kept on flying round the palace. He came very close to

the windows to look into the rooms, but he was afraid of being seen by Truton.

The Blue Bird then sat upon a high cypress tree and just then he heard some one saying,

"Will not death come kindly to my help? How long shall I suffer like this?"

The Blue Bird waited for daylight to see the lady, but the window had been shut at daybreak.

The Bird came again the next night and saw a girl at an open window of the tower. She was weeping in great grief. He flew to the top of a tree near the window.

"O dear Florine," cried the Bird, "I can help you in your misfortune."

"Ah, who speaks so kindly to me?" she cried, in surprise.

"An unhappy prince," replied the Bird, "who loves you and will love no other."

"A prince who loves me!" said the princess. "Is this a trick played upon me by my enemy?"

"No, my princess," replied the Bird, "the lover who speaks to you will never betray you."

As he said these words he flew to the window.

At first Florine was alarmed at the sight of the strange bird, but soon his words removed her fears.

"Alas," he cried, in sorrow, "how wretched you are as a prisoner in the tower, and oh, how miserable I feel because the wicked Souci had changed me into a bird for seven years!"

"And who are you, charming bird?" she asked.

"You have said my name," said the Bird.

"What! can the little bird I hold in my hand be really Prince Charming, the greatest prince in the world?"

Then the Blue Bird told Florine all that had happened.

She felt very happy at the prince's explanation, and even forgot her own unhappiness while listening to it. Day broke and they parted, promising to meet every night in the same way.

From that time onward the Bird and Florine met every night, and the Bird or prince flew to his palace again and again and brought costly presents in the form of jewels. She wore them at night to make the prince

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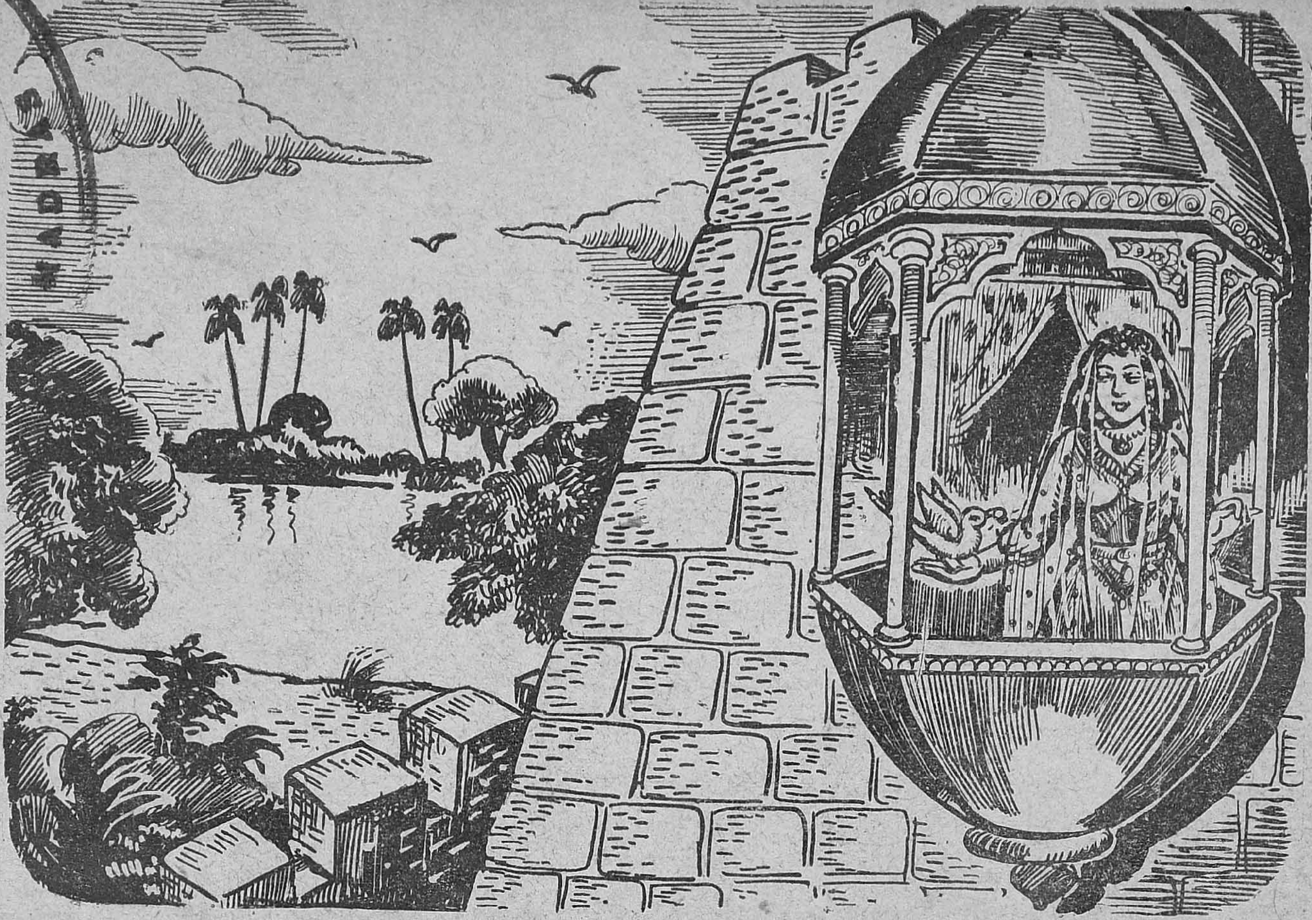

‘What! can the little bird I hold in my hand....’ (p. 46)

happy and then hid them in the straw of her mattress.

The Bird lived in a hollow tree by day and wild fruits formed his food. He sang sometimes so sweetly that the passersby thought that a spirit lived there, because no one could be seen there.

The people at last dared not enter the wood at all.

Two years passed away in this manner.

III

Meanwhile the queen tried vainly to get her daughter married to some prince or other. But no one cared even to listen to such a proposal.

Naturally this failure made both the mother and daughter very angry. They suspected Florine of plotting with foreign countries. They sat talking about these things till late at night, when they decided to go to Florine and question her.

Florine was at the window with the Blue Bird, wearing all her jewels. The queen listened at the door. Then she suddenly opened the door and rushed into the room.

Poor Florine was greatly alarmed, and she at once threw open the window so that

the Blue Bird might fly away without being seen. But the Bird would not leave her alone in the presence of her enemies.

The queen told Florine that her plots against the state had been discovered.

"Plots with whom, madam?" asked the princess. "You have been my jailer these two years."

While she was speaking, they looked at her in surprise.

"And where did you get, madam," asked the queen, "these splendid jewels?"

"I have found them," replied Florine, "that is all I know."

The queen gazed at Florine and said:

"You think you can deceive us. These jewels have been given to you with the object of making you sell your father's kingdom."

She began to search the whole room and in the end found such a great quantity of jewels hidden in the mattress that she was struck dumb with wonder. She could not think where they had come from.

She wished to hide some papers in some place to prove the princess guilty. When she was about to hide them in the chimney, the Bird saw her motive and cried,

"Beware, Florine, of your enemy!"

This voice made the queen afraid and she dared not hide the papers.

"I think," cried the queen, in great anger, "you are in league with demons."

The queen left her, much worried by all that she had seen and heard. So she sent a young girl to sleep in Florine's room — to wait upon the princess, to all appearance, but really to spy upon her.

Florine understood the queen's object.

"Shall I never again talk with my Bird?" she said to herself. "What will become of him? and of me?"

She heard the Bird fluttering about the window, but she dared not open it, for fear that something evil might fall upon her lover.

One whole month passed without seeing the prince.

The spy felt tired of watching day and night and at last fell fast asleep.

Florine at once opened her window and called on the Blue Bird.

The Bird came in an instant, and oh, the delight of that meeting after such a long interval! They at last parted at dawn to their great grief.

But on the third night, the sleeper awakened by some noise, listened without opening her eyes, and took a peep, by the light of the moon, at the most beautiful bird in the world talking to the princess.

The spy then ran to the queen and told her all that she had seen and heard. Truton was sent for at once. They understood that the Blue Bird was Prince Charming.

The queen sent the spy back to the tower, with instructions to appear more sleepy than ever. She went to bed early and snored as loudly as she could.

The princess opened the window and called, but no Bird came. The queen had caused swords, knives and daggers to be put into the cypress tree, and when the Bird flew rapidly into it, these cut off his feet. But he had managed to reach his own tree, however, and here he made up his mind to die, because he thought that the princess had done that evil to him.

Meanwhile the Enchanter, the prince's friend, seeing the return of his chariot without the prince, began to search for him.

In the course of his journey, he passed through the wood where the prince lay

wounded, and blew on his horn, crying, "Prince Charming! Prince Charming!"

The prince knew his friend's voice and cried, "Here in this tree. Come and see your wretched friend."

He looked about and saw no one.

Then the prince cried in a weak voice, "I am a Blue Bird."

The Enchanter soon found him and in a few moments he healed the Bird's wounds. The prince gave his friend a full account of his troubles. The Enchanter took him home and put him in a cage free from all danger.

Poor Florine spent her days and nights in great sorrow. She did not mind the spy and called aloud for her lover.

The queen and Truton were glad: they had made Florine suffer!

IV

Meanwhile the old king fell ill, and died. The people wanted Florine to be their ruler. The queen opposed it and was soon killed by the people. Truton ran away to her fairy godmother for safety.

The leaders of the people went up to the tower, where Florine was lying very ill. They

told her of her father's death and that of her enemy, the wicked queen.

Florine soon recovered her health. She chose a council to rule the country in her absence, and one night set out on her journey alone, without any one knowing about it.

The prince's friend, the Enchanter, was not able to undo what Souci had done. So he went to ask her to give the prince his natural form.

She had known the Enchanter for a long time and received him politely.

"Can I do anything for you?" she asked.

"Yes," replied he, "it concerns one of my best friends, a prince whom you have made unhappy."

"Ah, I understand you," she cried. "I am very sorry. I cannot do anything unless he promises to marry my god-daughter. See, there she is in all her beauty!"

Truton was then on a visit to her god-mother.

He saw Truton, and wondered what Souci meant by beauty, for he saw only a very ugly young woman.

But he could not leave the fairy without coming to some agreement with her, for the

A short old woman, bent double and leaning on a stout stick... (p. 53)

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prince's heirs declared that the prince was dead.

This was the agreement: Truton should live in the palace for some months and the prince, changed into his human form, should try to make up his mind to marry her. If he refused, he would be changed again into a bird.

In the meantime Queen Florine, dressed as a country girl, went on her journey to find the prince, and she went as quickly as she could.

One day she stopped at a fountain to rest. A short old woman, bent double and leaning on a stout stick, was passing that way and stopped on seeing her.

"What are you doing there, my pretty girl, all alone?" she asked.

"My good mother," Florine answered, "I am not alone, for I have plenty of troubles and sorrows as my companions."

"Ah, my child," said the good woman, "do not give yourself up to sorrow. Tell me your troubles. I may be able to help you."

The queen told her the whole story and her present journey to find the Blue Bird.

The old woman changed suddenly into a lovely young lady, and said, smiling, "Good Florine, the prince is no longer a bird and is in his former shape in his own kingdom. I give you these four eggs. Break one of them when you are most in need of help and you will find in it what will be of use to you."

After saying this, she disappeared.

Florine put the eggs in her bag, which she had, hanging by a stick, on her shoulder and walked on towards the prince's country.

After walking eight days and nights, she came to the foot of a high mountain, of ivory, steep and very slippery.

She tried again and again to climb it, but in vain. Suddenly she remembered the eggs and broke one of them. She found, to her great joy, some little golden cramps inside the egg, and she fixed them to her hands and feet.

With the help of these, she was soon on the top of the mountain.

Here she had the same difficulty in getting down. Another egg was broken, and a car drawn by two pigeons came out of it. It became large enough for her to sit in, and the

pigeons presently took her to the bottom safely.

"My little friends," she said to them, "will you kindly drive me to where Prince Charming holds his court?"

The pigeons drew her along without stopping, until they reached the gates of the city. Florine got down and kissed each of them lovingly.

At last, she was in her lover's city!

V

She stained her face that she might not be known. She asked some people where she could see the prince. Some of them only laughed at her.

She passed on quietly and also asked the next person she met the same question.

"He will go to the temple tomorrow to marry Princess Truton," he answered.

She sank down on a heap of stones under a gateway.

"Unhappy Florine!" cried she. "It was for her the Blue Bird left me!"

The poor queen found a lodging for the night and her sorrow made her go to bed without supper.

She rose early in the morning and hurried to the temple. But no one would admit her into the temple.

So she broke her third egg and out came a coach of polished steel, drawn by six green mice and driven by a rose-coloured rat. In a moment they carried her through a hole below a window at the back of the temple. She at last found herself within the temple.

She saw there the throne of the King and that of Truton whom he was to marry.

Leaning against a marble pillar near the throne, she was wondering how she could make the prince recognise her as Florine.

The prince just then came in, looking more handsome than ever. He did not look towards her.

She now broke her fourth and last egg. Out of it came a pair of bracelets just like those he had given her.

Florine had not brought them with her and therefore knew they had been brought to her by some magic, for there was no other pair like them in the world.

Just then Truton came to her throne, of course richly dressed, but frightfully ugly. She looked angrily at Florine.

"Who are you," she asked, "to come near our throne?"

"I am a poor woman," replied Florine, "come here to sell some rare things."

Saying this, she gave Truton the emerald bracelets.

"They are really pretty," said Truton; "will you take a threepenny piece for them?"

"Show them, madam," Florine said, "to some one who knows the value of jewels. Then we will settle the price."

Truton, who was fond of the prince and wished to have some cause for talking to him, went to his throne and showed him the bracelets, asking him about their worth.

These bracelets at once reminded him of those he had given to Florine. He sighed and stood for sometime without speaking.

Then he turned suddenly to go towards the poor woman.

Everyone looked towards her, and great was their surprise when, instead of a poor woman, they saw a beautiful lady, richly dressed!

For a moment they looked at each other, then he threw himself at her feet and was

ready to die with joy. Florine was as greatly moved as he. She looked at his face earnestly without a word, and when she did speak all her anger was gone.

Their love became stronger than ever and they were only afraid of the Fairy Souci.

Just at this moment the Enchanter entered with the good fairy who had given the four eggs to Florine. They said that Souci had no longer any power over them and their marriage would take place at once.

When Truton heard the word 'marriage,' she grew very angry and abused Florine.

Florine shrank form her in fear, but the Enchanter and the good fairy turned Truton into a sow.

The sow soon rushed out of the temple.

The marriage of Prince Charming and Queen Florine was celebrated with great joy and splendour. Both of them lived long and happily, ruling the kingdom well.

QUESTIONS

Note. Answers to be very brief, except as otherwise required as shown in brackets.

The Tooth of Prophecy

1. Write a paragraph on the Salmon of Knowledge (Wisdom).
2. Who set about catching the Salmon ? Whom did he employ for washing his pots and pans ? Write a sentence or two about his servant.
3. When was the Salmon caught ? How did the old man feel about it ? What did he do with it ?
4. How did Demna come to taste it first ?
5. What did he tell his master ?
6. How did old Finn feel when he heard Demna tell him what he had done ? What did he tell Demna ?
7. Write briefly the story of 'The Tooth of Prophecy', *or* How Finn gained the gift of Prophecy. (A Page and a half.)

The Story of Orlando

1. Who was Orlando ? How old was he when his father died ?
2. How did his elder brother (Oliver) take care of him ? (2 or 3 sentences)
3. Wite a paragraph (10-15 lines) on the wrestling match.

4. Write a few sentences on Duke Frederick, describing his character.
5. Who was Rosalind? What were her feelings towards Orlando?
6. How did Oliver receive the news of his brother's victory? (1 or 2 sentences)
7. Who came to the help of Orlando at that time? How did Orlando get out of the danger?
8. How did Orlando meet the old Duke in the forest? and Rosalind?
9. What did Oliver do when he found his brother gone?
10. Describe 'The Story of Orlando' from the time when he came to the forest of Arden till he married the Duke's daughter. (About a page and a half)
11. Write the story of Oliver in a paragraph: (or in not less than a page).
12. What became of Duke Frederick?
13. Write (4 or 5 sentences) on the part played by old Adam in the story.

The Gorgon's Head

1. Who was Perseus? Who made him bring the Gorgon's head? Did he know the nature of the task he had undertaken? Did he tell his mother about it?
2. Whom did he meet after crossing over to the mainland? What did he tell Perseus to raise his spirits?
3. What was the first thing Perseus was asked to do? How did it prove important?

4. What was the next thing Quicksilver did to help Perseus in his task ?
5. Write a brief description of the Gorgons. (3 or 4 sentences)
6. What was the first step taken to reach the Gorgons ? Why was this important for Perseus' success ?
7. How did the Nymphs help him in his adventure ?
8. Where did he find the Gorgons ? Who helped him in finding them ? (*or* Who first saw the Gorgons and pointed them out to Perseus ?)
9. How was he to cut off the head of the Gorgon Medusa ?
10. What did he do after he had secured the head ?
11. Say how each of these was important to Perseus in his task; (a) The magic wallet; (b) The winged shoes; (c) The helmet of darkness; (d) Quicksilver's crooked sword.
12. Describe how Quicksilver helped Perseus in getting the Gorgon's Head. (Not less than a page.)
13. Give a brief account of how Perseus brought the Gorgon's head to King Polydectes. (About a page and a half)
14. Did Polydectes rejoice when Perseus returned with the Gorgon's Head? If not, why not ?
15. What did he desire the king to do before showing the Gorgon's Head ?
16. "O King, I am very unwilling to show you the Gorgon's Head." What did the people and the King say to this ?
17. What happened when he showed it to them ?

The Blue Bird

1. Why did the Queen, Florine's step-mother, dislike her step-daughter ?
2. Who was the godmother of Truton ? Write a sentence or two bringing out the character of the godmother.
3. Whom did Prince Charming love ? What did the queen do to make him marry her own daughter (Truton) ? (A short paragraph)
4. What did the prince do to have a secret meeting with Florine ? How did the queen take advantage of this information ?
5. When did he come to know of the trick played upon him ? What did he do then, and with what result ?
6. Describe the condition of Florine during this time. (About 10 or 12 lines)
7. How did the queen and her daughter add to Florine's suffering ?
8. In what form did Florine meet the Prince again ? Write 4 or 5 sentences on what happened after this meeting.
9. Of what did the queen accuse Florine ? How did she try to prove Florine guilty ? What prevented her from carrying it out ?
10. What prevented Florine from meeting the Blue Bird at night ? How long did it last ?
11. What did the queen do to put an end to Florine's meeting with the Blue Bird ?
12. Write (in 3 or 4 sentences) about what happened to the Blue Bird.

13. How did the Blue Bird get his human form again ? (About half a dozen sentences)
14. How did the death of Florine's father change Florine's position ?
15. What did she do after this change in her position?
16. Whom did she meet on her way ? What did she get from this stranger ?
17. How did these things help her in reaching her goal ?
18. What did she learn when she was in the Prince's city ?
19. What did she have to prove that she was Florine ?
20. What became of Truton ?
21. Write two paragraphs on the story of Prince Charming till he was changed into a Blue Bird.
22. Describe how Florine, after she became queen, was united again to the Prince she loved. (Not less than a page)
23. Narrate the story of Prince Charming. (A page and a half)
24. Describe the attempts made by the queen and Truton's godmother to make the prince marry Truton. (Not less than a page)

Additional words (Not in App. VII) explained

1. **Prophecy** : The power to tell what will happen. foretelling.

salmon : a large fish, valued for food.

magic : the art of making things happen by supernatural forces (e. g. changing man into beast).

foretell : tell beforehand.

resolved : determined.

acquire : get (by one's own efforts).

fleeing : running away.

startled : surprised; frightened.

delicious : giving pleasure to (taste or smell)

blister : (n. and v.) : a small swelling of the skin (caused by burning or rubbing).

gravy : the juice coming out of meat when it is cooked.

spicing : giving taste (flavouring) with spices (as pepper, ginger, etc.).

scalded : injured with boiling water, oil, etc.

thrust : pushed with force.

licked : touched with the tongue.

willed : desired.

2. **handsome :** well-formed, pleasing (to the eye).

wrestling (match): struggling with an opponent to throw him down.

shade : (n) place protected from the heat of the sum (by leaves).

country (lass) : country × town.

hermit : a person who lives a holy life, far from all men (as in a forest).

3. **afloat :** floating.

tossed : threw up suddenly.

bridal : of a bride (or wedding): (bridal gift is a gift made to her at wedding).

rely : depend (on).

mockery : making fun of a person or thing, scornful laughter.

monster : a person or thing of unnatural appearance is a monster (e.g. **a three-legged person**).

dragon : an imaginary creature with the body of a snake, wings and sharp claws, and breathing fire.

wriggling : turning and twisting (about) (as, a worm).

scales : thin plates forming the outer covering of most fishes and reptiles.

dazzlingly : (of light) making a person unable to see well by too much brightness.

glimpse : a quick view or look at something.

mood : a state of mind or feeling.

brisk : lively, active.

crooked × straight.

gazed : looked long (at).

task : a piece of work which must be done.

encouragingly : so as to give hope.

utmost : farthest, extreme.

twig : a small branch of a tree.

dusk : the time just before it gets dark.

pace : a single step: "keep pace with"—keep up with.

weariness : being tired.

grave : serious.

intervals (at) : now and then : 'interval' is a period of time between two events or two parts of an action.

distinctly : clearly, easily seen (or heard).

socket : a hollow into which something fits.

wallet : a small leather bag for carrying tools, etc.

helmet : a head dress (of metal) worn by soldiers, etc. as protection against attack.

tuft : a bunch of feathers (hair, grass, etc.).

rustle : (n.) the sound made by leaves, a woman's garments, etc.

image : a figure (of wood or metal).

dash : (n) a sudden rush.

tumbled : fell suddenly or clumsily.

proclaimed : made known, declared publicly.

balcony : platform on the outside of a building.

courtiers : persons in attendance at a king's court.

knave : a rogue or rascal.

fatal : causing death (ruin, etc.).

4. **godmother** : a woman who makes promises for a child (at baptism).

bribed : offered money, etc. to induce a person to do (one) a favour.

courtesy : politeness.

mask(s) : a 'mask' is a covering for the face or part of the face (worn at balls, etc.)

seized : grasped (gripped) suddenly (tightly).

chariot : a two-wheeled car drawn by horses, formerly used in racing and war.

magician : one who knows or practices magic (see above).

fairy : a being with great powers to do good or evil.

grief : sorrow.

betray : be false (to).

alarmed : frightened.

mattress : a large flat, rectangular case or bag of canvas or other material, filled with cotton, etc. to form a bed.

plotting : making secret plans (against a person).

motive : cause of (one's) action.

beware : take care, guard against, (**must, will**, beware of, etc.)

league : friendship: 'in league with.'

demons : evil spirits.

spy : (v.) try to get information secretly.

fluttering : (of birds) move the wings rapidly and irregularly.

interval : see page 65.

snored : breathed noisily while sleeping.

enchanter : a magician.

cramps : metal bars with ends turned in, used to hold things together.

sighed : breathed heavily, so as to be heard.

shrank : moved (drew) back (from something unpleasant, etc.).

sow : female pig.

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